

The Tragedie of Hamlet

His greatnes wayd, his will is not his owne,
 He may not as vnualed persons doe,
 Carue for himselfe, for on his choise depends
 The safty and health of this whole state,
 And therefore must his choise be circumscrib'd
 Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body
 Whereof he is the head, then if he saies he loues you,
 It fits your wisdom so farre to belieue it
 As he in his particuler act and place
 May giue his saying deede, which is no further
 Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
 Then way what losse your honor may sustaine
 If with too credent eare you list his songs
 Or loose your hart, or your chaste treasure open
 To his vnmaistred importunity.
 Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare sister,
 And keepe you in the reare of your affection
 Out of the shot and danger of desire,
 "The charest maide is prodigall inough
 If she vnmaske her butie to the Moone
 "Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes
 "The canker gaules the infants of the spring
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
 And in the morne and liquid dewe of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent,
 Be wary then, best safety lies in feare,
 Youth to it selfe rebels, though non els neare.
Ophe. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe
 As watchman to my hart, but good my brother
 Doe not as some vngracious pastors doe,
 Showe me the step and thorny way to heauen
 Whiles a puffed, and reckles libertine
 Himselfe the primrose path of dalience treads.
 And reakes not his owne reed.

Enter Polonius.

Laer. O feare me not,
 I stay too long, but heere my father comes
 A double blessing, is a double grace,
 Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Pol. Yet heere *Laertes*? a bord, a bord for shame,

The

Prince of Denmarke.

The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile,
 And you are stayed for, there my blessing with thee.
 And these fewe precepts in thy memory
 Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
 Bethou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar,
 Those friends thou hast, and their a doption tried,
 Grapple them vnto thy soule with hoopes of Steele,
 But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
 Of each new hatcht vnpledgd courage, beware
 Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
 Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee,
 Giue every man thy eare, but fewe thy voyce,
 Take each mans censure, but reserue thy iudgement,
 Costly thy habite as thy purse can by,
 But not exprest in fancy; rich not gaudy,
 For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man
 And they in Fraunce of the best ranck and station;
 Or of a most select and generous, chiefe in that:
 Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
 For loue oft looses both it selfe, and friend,
 And borrowing dulleth edge of husbandry;
 This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true
 And it must followe as the night the day
 Thou canst not then be false to any man:
 Farwell, my blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.

Pol. The time inuests you goe, your seruants tend.

Laer. Farwell *Ophelia*, and remember well

What I haue sayd to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt

And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farwell.

Exit Laertes.

Pol. What ist *Ophelia* he hath sayd to you?

Ophe. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marry well bethought

Tis tolde me he hath very oft of late

Giuen priuate time to you, and you your selfe

Haue of your audience beene most free and bountious,

If